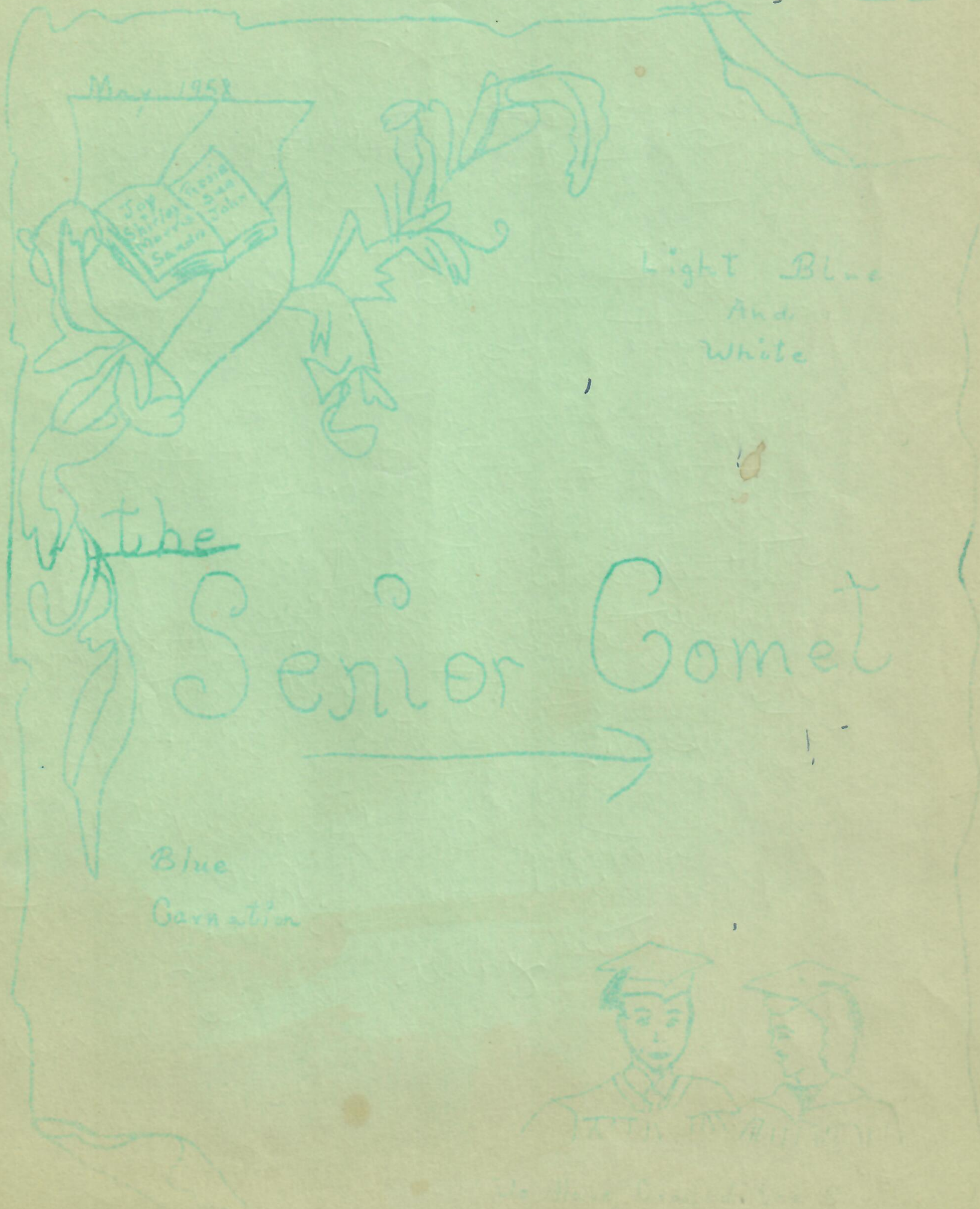


FAIRVIEW HIGH SCHOOL



S T A F F

Editor- - - - - Joy Mullikin
Columnist- - - - - Sue Frye
Artist- - - - - Shirley Isaacs
Sports Editor- - - - - John Myers
Business Manager- - - - - Rosella Humig
Circulation Manager- - - - - Morris Caldwell

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Shirley Isaacs

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Jimmy Hauger

Susan Cook

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"Note of Appreciation"

We, the members of the graduating class of 1958, wish to express our deepest appreciation to the students, faculty, and surrounding community of Fairview Township. By donations and such, each one of you has helped us to earn the necessary funds for our senior trip. We also wish to thank those parents of the school children who attended our skating parties and dances.

And last, but not least, we'd like to thank our own parents who have worried and worked very hard during the past two years. Without your help we couldn't have raised enough money for our trip.

Thanks for everything.

The Senior Class of 1958



Don't Look Now,
But.....



The time has finally come. Yes, Lads and Lasses now it can be told. The Senior Class will finally tell what they have found out about the Fairview High School Faculty. Please don't quiet us now, we are ready to reveal our secrets. We know:

That Mr. Finchum has the "patience of Jobe". He'd have to have; otherwise, he couldn't have contended with the Junior-Senior history class for the past year. Thanks a million, Mr. Finchum.

That Mr. McDonald is still in his right mind after a year of sponsoring the Senior Class of 1958. Thanks from the Seniors.

That Mr. Wilkinson's classes are made entertaining as well as enlightening without causing the collapse of the educational system.

That Mr. Ewing is always able to answer any question asked of him. Keep up the good work.

That Mrs. McDonald is still around after eating the cooking of the Home Ec. girls. Burp!

That Mrs. Hedrick is still uncomplaining after another year of fifth and sixth grade teaching.

That Mr. Meisner has a secret ambition to make the high school chorus famous. Good luck Doc.

That the Class of 1958 is agreed that the teachers of Fairview High School are pretty swell people after all.



"Class Poem of 1958"

In the spring of nineteen fifty-eight
May thirteenth is the exact date,
Another class from Fairview High
Will don their robes and heave a sigh.

Twelve long years are left behind
We've had problems to solve and facts to find,
And thought if ever the end did come
We'd be cheerful and happy, not sad and glum.

Of course there is a feeling of joy
That goes with every young girl and boy
When they've finished a task that took so long
That they want to dance and sing a song.

But the time has come to reminisce
And we think of that and we think of this,
Of our joys and sorrows, our hopes and fears
That are coming to an end as we finish twelve years.

Yet we must strike some cheerful notes
Be happy young kids, not sad old ghosts,
We must give our poem a personal air
Be just to all, and to all be fair.

Now Morris Caldwell whom we all know as "Pete"
Seems to have had plenty of food to eat
For in height and weight, he's at the head of his class
Now, he seems to be in love with a freshman lass.

In basketball, Pete always played hard,
He never gave up 'till the last gun was fired
The sportsman's trophy he did receive
He deserved this honor we do believe.

As for his future, he has in mind
A work that suits a boy of his kind
A state game warden he plans to be
He'll punish the guilty, and set the innocent free.

Sandra Pike Caldwell from Glenwood came
And from morning 'till evening she's always the same,
She has poise and grace, is studious and fair
Her eyes are blue and she has golden hair.

Bobby's future is planned for the open sea
And a sailors wife she will always be
As the years go by, we wish you well
Bobby, Sandra, and Timmy Caldwell.

John Myers, when he came from the county of Decatur
Was not much larger than a big Irish "Portator"
He seemed rather nervous and ill at ease
But he tried real hard, everybody to please.

The girls, John passed by, they meant little to him
If they were looking for a husband, their chances were slim
His lessons he studied with a purpose in mind
He was always ahead, not lagging behind.

John's habits he has formed will help him through college
He will soon graduate with a head full of knowledge.
A good school teacher he surely will be
To help enlighten the youth of our fine country.

Rosella Humig, from Falmouth town
Wears a pleasant smile the whole year 'round
"She is little but mighty", some one has said,
And her good disposition will put her ahead.

She looks to the future with assurance and pride
As that boy from Rushville skates by her side.
A good housewife we are sure she will make
Her husband will never want to jump in the lake.

Another of our class, we must not pass by
Is a girl who is known by the name of Sue Frye.
Of the pastime sports, she prefers to dance,
Rock and roll she will do, if she has half a chance.

In a nice country home, Sue lives peaceful and gay
If her dreams come true, she will marry some day.
To be a housewife is her ambition you can bet,
Some lucky fellow will get her yet.

One September morn, bright and early,
There came to our school a girl named Shirley
Her teacher knew by the twinkle in her eye
That Shirley could learn, though she was a little shy.

Years soon sped by and Shirley grew wise
And along came Bob with those big brown eyes
What happened to both, we only can guess
Since she was wearing a ring, she must have said yes.

Like all of her kind, she soon changed her mind
And poor lonesome Bob was then left behind
With ability to learn and her persuasive way
A career she could have, and she may some day.

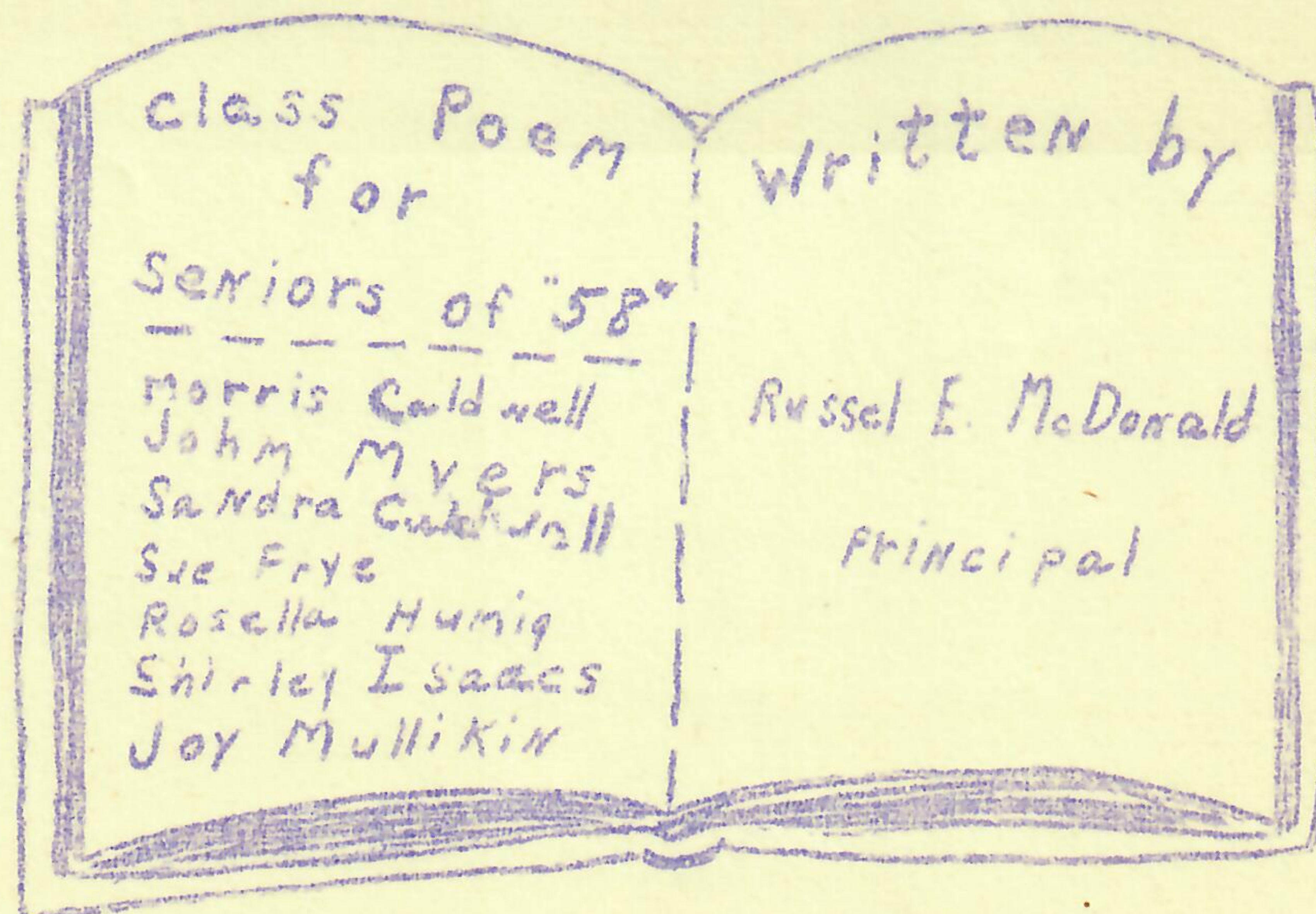
In the fall of nineteen forty-six
There came to school some cute little tricks;
Joy Mullikin was one of the group we know
Who tried to look pretty and put on a show.

Now this girl Joy, who is quiet and sedate
Lives so far from school, that she comes in late;
She counts the luncheon, and the attendance she takes
As she works in the office, and few mistakes she makes.

The future of this girl is hard to foretell
She wants a career, yet likes Roger well;
A split personality she may decide to be
Only time will tell, so we'll wait and see.

If we had more space, and had more time
We would continue, with our rhyme
Of those who've made our life more pleasant
Both in the past and in the present.

Well of those, we leave behind
No better school mates, could we find
We now will bid you kind adieu
A fond farewell, we extend to you.



"SENIOR PAIR TREE"

Shirley Ann Isaacs James Edward Rowe
Linda Joy Mullikin.....Roger Delbert Grap
Rosella Mae Humig.....Harold Eugene Wright
Evelyn Sue Frye.....Ralph Edwin Bergen
Morris Wayne Caldwell.....Donna Ruth Rowe
John H. Myers, Jr.Barbara Lee
Mr. McDonald.....Mrs. McDonald

"THE WHEATHER REPORT"

Unpredictable.....Morris Caldwell
Changable.....Sue Frye
Stormy.....Sandra Caldwell
Windy.....Shirley Isaacs
Sunny.....Rosella Humig
Fair.....Joy Mullikin
Mild.....John Myers

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the members of the class of 58 of Fairview High School, being of sound mind and possessed of all our faculties, do hereby decree that our interests and effects shall be disposed of as herein indicated. Should anyone make an effort to break this will or contest these declarations, it is our intentions and purpose that said individuals be cut off without a single penny, and we authorize whoever is unfortunate enough to be saddled with the task of carrying out our intentions to prosecute said individuals to the full extent of the law.

To the oncoming Seniors we bequeath our position as the most advanced class in Fairview High School. This includes our seats in Assembly Hall. We also leave them the example of our perfect behavior. As long as they follow in our foot-steps they will be assured of maintaining a reputation approaching perfection. We adjure them to keep in mind that much will be expected of them because of this bequest and the fact that they were privileged to observe our actions and attitudes while we were students in Fairview High.

We congratulate next year's Juniors on having progressed so far on their journey toward education. No doubt, though hampered by being underclassmen, they have observed the excellence of the class of 58 and, in their immature way, have determined to follow our example. We give and bequeath to them the determination which was ours as we came up through the lower ranks to the position we hold this on May 13, '58.

Next year's Sophomores were only Freshmen this year, and can not be expected to understand the significance of this entire matter but, in so far as they are capable of grasping it, we bequeath to them our consuming desire to advance, our determination to master subjects, however difficult, and eventually, to win diplomas such as we are being given on May 13, 1958.

Although we scarcely know those who will be entering High School for the first time this fall, we are sure they must have heard of our superiority and have noticed the halos about our heads. We realize they can not hope to shine as we do, but we give them the inspiration of our lives, especially through our Senior Year.

The Will

I, Linda Joy Mullikin, will my ability to be late to class to any one who thinks they can get a try with it, and my ability to be the worst writer to any of the Juniors that think they can stand to read mine.

I, Shirley Ann Isaac, will to Karen Link my ability to work every evening after school as a good jerk. I also will my algebraic talents to Karen. (You'll need them)

I, Rosella Mae Humble, will my skating ability to Sandra Whipple and to Betty Sue Beaver. I will my assembly seat if she will take good care of it.

I, Evelyn Sue Frye, will my singing ability to any of the seventh and eighth graders who think they can take it.

I, Sandra Pike Caldwell, will my ability to make straight A's to Carol Deane Buckley.

I, Morris Wayne Caldwell, will my basketball ability to Jim Hendrick and my fishing ability to Wendell Richardson and my ability to get along with Mr. Fincaum to Donald Frye.

I, John H. Myers Jr., will my ability to keep quiet in study hall to Charles Arnold.

To the community as a whole the class of 58 gives and bequeaths its good wishes through all the years to come. In this our final connection with the school system of Fairview, we want it known that we are proud to be graduates of Fairview High School.

To this document we, have set our hands and signed with the seal of the class of 58, this thirteenth day of the month of May the year of our Lord 1958.



The Class Grumbler

"Getting it off my Chest"

Most of the time it's not considered nice or polite to complain and find fault, especially about the school, teachers, and parents.

I never did like the idea of always having to see things like grown folks, not since I was knee high to a grasshopper, but it didn't seem like there was anything I could do about it. Then, right out of the clear blue sky, Mr. McDonald assigned me this topic, "The Class Grumbler". I sure was surprised, and pleased, too. For the first time in my life I have a chance to say what I really think without any danger of it back-firing and getting me in deeper.

I don't know who started this idea of Commencement programs. But I'd like to say right here and now, it is no good from the start. What do they have to do with finishing school? I don't know, neither do you.

While we are talking about grumbling, don't you think we have a right to complain about the long hours we spend in school? Life should be carefree and happy, not hemmed in by four walls and a bunch of teachers.

Another thing, why should we have to make certain grades before we are promoted? Why not let us study what we want to, not slave away at subjects we hate.

Why do we have to wear caps and gowns and trail across the platform to get our diplomas? Wouldn't they mean just as much if the teacher dropped them off on our desks when he happened to be passing down the aisle?

Why does the janitor gripe if we scatter paper on the floor? Isn't it his business to clean it up?

Why does the teacher stand at the foot of the stairs and see that we remain orderly after we make the turns in the stairs? We are not going to take the stairs with us and she knows it.

Why do the boys who play basketball have to grind away and study before they can belong to the team? Everybody knows that a school needs athletes. Then why insist that they study?

Oh! I know all the arguments on the other side. Maybe when we are as old as our teachers and parents, we will think as they do. But I'm telling you right now, their rules stand at the top of my grumble list.

Also, there is matter of taking care of books. What is a book, more or less, anyway? One or two pages get torn out of my history book, and you would think that I had committed a major crime.

You may wonder why I feel as I do when some of my classmates seem to feel so differently when they tell of the wonders of old Fairview High School. Well, you know some people just can't see things as they really are and they get weepy and shed tears about nothing. Girls are worse than boys at this.

I'll admit there are some good things about Fairview High, but since I have been given this night to grumble, I aim to go right on with it.

Take the teachers for example, when you meet them out of school, their not such bad eggs at all. In fact you might think that they are really humans, sometimes. But when they stand up in front of the class, they are altogether different. Don't you think we have a right to grumble when teachers make life miserable for us day after day?

Then there is the matter of the school building. If a student uses a pencil or even a knife to scratch pictures on the walls or desks, why should everybody act like an awful thing had happened? The time may come when those marks will represent the first pictures of a fine

artist. I ask you now, is it fair to discourage fine art?

I am glad that I finally had this opportunity to get my gripes off my chest. I think that I am justified in grumbling about all of them, but I confess they do not seem as important as they did when I began to write this.

To end my little speech, I want to say that I'm glad that you read this, yes sir, I really am.

Thank you:

"This was the Class Grumbler's speech which was given by Pete Caldwell on Class night."

* * * * *

"Corny Gags"

"So, you met your wife at a dance. Wasn't it romantic?"

Young man: "Sir, I want to marry your daughter."

"Romantic? I should say not. It was embarrassing. I thought she was at home taking care of the kids."

Father: "Have you seen my wife yet?"

* * * * *

She had insisted on taking along every garment she owned and they arrived at the station loaded with baggage. "I wish," said the husband thoughtfully, "that we'd brought your piano."

Young man: "Yes, but I still prefer your daughter."

* * * * *

"Oh, quit trying to be so funny," came his wife's quick reply.

Husband: So did everybody else.

* * * * *

A young bride of three months complained to her relatives about her husband's drinking habits.

"I'm not trying to be funny," he said wistfully, "I left the tickets on it."

"If you knew he drank, why did you marry him?" she asked.

* * * * *

"My uncle was wrecked on a desert island with twenty-five beautiful girls and when they found him, he was nearly dead!"

"I didn't know he drank," the girl replied, "until one night he came home sober."

"From Exposure?"

"No, from pulling down the distress signals the girls put up."

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